

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

The News, Established 1881. The Journal, Established 1877.

THE HUSE PUBLISHING COMPANY

W. N. Huse, President. N. A. Huse, Secretary.

Every Friday, By mail per year, \$1.50.

Entered at the postoffice at Norfolk, Neb., as second class matter.

Telephones: Editorial Department No. 22. Business Office and Job Rooms, No. 112.

There is no way to put the brakes on the speeding summer.

Paris has declared against statures in frock coats. It may prefer pajamas.

There are now fifty cities under the commission form of government in the United States.

Dr. Wiley says that men who smoke are liable to sunstroke. Do your smoking at night.

That Mona Lisa picture seems to have retired from public view nearly as far as our old friend Doc Cook.

Why say so much about tariff experts, when you can find them in any grocery store seated upon the cracker barrel?

It is not true that the high tide along the coast is due to the floating of the world's biggest battleship at the Fore River ship yards.

The Congressional Record has suspended publication until next December. The next volume promises to be an unusually lively one.

They propose to make the isthmus thoroughly sanitary. Even the foremen on the Panama canal are forbidden to use swear words.

Mr. Taft met the members of the American Bar association, and not one of them charged him \$5 for an opinion as to the next day's weather.

Ninety-two thousand lobsters have been liberated along the Maine coast, but it will take far more than that to feed the chorus girls through one winter.

Frank Hitchcock recommends the parcels post, but he does not seem to have any relief for the man who has to carry parcels on his wife's shopping trips.

John W. Gates left about \$30,000, 000. Would any hardship be done to anyone, if an estate of that size was assessed an inheritance tax of 25 to 50 percent?

There is talk of abolishing the express companies and making the railroads do the work. That would open a broader field for some of our artistic baggage smashers.

The number of immigrants has fallen off 220,854 this year, and 20,854 housewives are standing on the wharves weeping because of their failure to obtain cooks.

The assistant secretary of state is the highest official in Washington now, but if he will shake hands faithfully with all the tourists, everything else will run along all right.

Mr. Vaniman is going to try to cross the ocean in an air ship, and though he may not land in Europe, we are confident that he will at least get as far as the lecture platform.

The news of Esther Cleveland's engagement is denied. We must remind our enterprising reporters that a girl is not necessarily to be married because she lingers two minutes at the gate post.

J. P. Morgan went to see ex-Senator Aldrich about the monetary commission, but when he searched Mr. Aldrich he could no longer find the United States senate secured in that gentleman's pockets.

Considering the high state of political tension fourteen months ahead of the presidential election, a person of decided political views will possess but few speaking acquaintances by November 1, 1912.

With Mr. Bryan doing all he can to magnify the differences in the democratic party and Taft and the progressives getting into a family mix-up it begins to look as if the campaign of 1912 would be a warm one.

President Taft is no longer accused of lacking backbone. Both the democrats and the insurgents recognize that they have a large-sized man—mentally as well as physically—to fight and one that will rather enjoy the battle.

A man in Pennsylvania recently came home from the Klondike region to find that his friends had erected a monument to his memory. He says that, as far as he knows his memory is as good as it ever was and he has it still with him.

The Alps are now penetrated by five tunnels. The Loetschberg tunnel which was commenced in 1907, was completed a short time ago, as far as excavating is concerned, but it will not be ready for train use until 1913.

It is the longest tunnel in Europe, being nine miles in length, and will cost nearly twenty million dollars.

"A burnt child dreads the fire," but evidently the rule doesn't work out the other way. Notwithstanding that Gifford Pinchot was frozen out in Washington he is now on his way to Alaska to look over the prospects of progressive conservation.

A peculiar custom which exists among a savage African tribe would often bring welcome relief to bored audiences in more civilized countries if it could be made binding. When a member of this tribal council makes a speech he must stand on one foot. When weariness brings the other foot to the ground the speech must end.

The Johnson family has locked horns with the Smith family in Chicago to decide which has contributed most to the population of that city. When the count came in the Smiths were humbled to the dust, being able to produce but 5,315 to 7,749 members of the Johnson family, which had, in addition a reserve of 582 others, to draw on, if need be, who used a "U" in the spelling of the name.

European hotel proprietors are abandoning the baggage label as a form of advertising, and instead are presenting their guests with picture cards. So the suitcases and trunks of returning travelers are not as liberally decorated with the hotel labels which have been the special pride of tourists. It is easy to predict that the picture cards will not be valued half as highly as the pasted labels which told their own story of travel.

A Chicago man has recently offered to pay for setting out trees along miles of highway in his native town in New England. Absent sons often remember their home towns with costly gifts of libraries, churches, monuments and such memorials, why not trees? They are certainly worthy to be counted in that list. The present generation is cultivating a far greater appreciation of trees and a closer companionship for them than the preceding generations who saw nothing in trees except their commercial value. He who plants a tree plants many good things for the future.

The art of lighting has been wonderfully developed and improved in the last quarter of a century, but authorities on adapting electricity tell us the art is still in its infancy. A concert room in Pittsburgh has a very unique illumination. Its 125 square feet of ceiling is covered with a great variety of electric lights modified by screens, so as to produce the effect of a vast, glowing, harmoniously colored oriental rug. The belief is expressed by illuminating engineers that means will be found to cause light to stream from cornices and make the atmosphere of a large room glow without visible means of illumination.

There is general acquiescence in the opinion that a uniform marriage and divorce law would be a most desirable thing. But the difference in the condition of public opinion in the various states, and the enormous difficulty of enacting any constitutional amendment, however desirable, make it appear probable that the movement in that direction will be a very deliberate one. Fortunately as civilization advances the several states are passing more rigid laws which now holds the bad pre-eminence of being the easiest place to undo the marriage vows, will be led before long to put an end to the national scandal.

Uncle Sam is going into the moving picture show business. With the authority of President Taft, a contract has been entered by government officials and a Chicago firm for the purpose of reproducing in moving pictures all the various activities of the nation. The pictures will be shown in hundreds of moving picture houses. Marines at work, on battleships, gunners firing at the bulk of an old battleship, cavalry drills, mine and rescue work, plant and animal industry, road building and every single activity of the government will be shown on the films. This will be an advance along educational lines that will be especially beneficial to the non-reading public.

The European nations are still fighting—in a diplomatic way—over the possession of Morocco. Whether Germany holds Agadir as a seaport or remains to be seen. While it is apparently a small and unimportant harbor on the African coast it is in reality a strategic point of tremendous consequence to the future of German commerce. France and England recognize this and are very loath to give their common enemy any further advantage in the race for commercial supremacy on the high seas. Destiny has a way of hovering over what seem to be insignificant spots and making them sometimes the center of great world conflicts. What it has in store for Agadir the future only can disclose.

The secretary of the treasury has a definite object in view in employing the best architects to design the new postoffice buildings and other government buildings which are constantly being built throughout the country. That object is to place before the people models of architectural taste and fitness. New buildings are being planned in several states this

season, and for each of these buildings twenty architects have been requested to submit designs, from which a choice will be made. It is hoped to get out of the competition several admirable designs that will be useful in building other small government buildings, besides providing plans for the structures now in demand that will be admired as much a hundred years hence as the work of the architects of the fine old buildings seen in the South and New England is now.

Senator Lorimer's denunciation of the initiative, referendum and recall is one of the most laughable incidents in recent American history. This man who was elected to his high position under an environment seething with such corruption that it stamps him as either a grafter of the boldest kind or a fool of the most stupid density, dares to talk about representative government and says he demands it. If ever there was a case that would fully justify the recall it is that of the Illinois senator. If he had any sense of manhood, long ere this he would have handed his resignation back to the people and given them, at least, the opportunity to say at the ballot box whether they wanted his services any longer. There is a rumor that he is now going to resign because President Taft insists that his longer stay in congress as a republican senator is a menace to future party success. Worse than that, the presence of such a man in the highest council chamber of the nation, is a menace to good citizenship. The advocates of the recall couldn't ask for any argument more kindly to their cause than the opposition of such a man as Lorimer to do it.

The fight over reciprocity in Canada is waxing intensely fierce. Both sides make large claims of success and the nearer the election day approaches the surer it becomes that the outcome is uncertain. The opposition to the pact is working the cry of American annexation to the limit and creating all the suspicion it possibly can against this country. It may be defeated. Even if it is the defeat will only be temporary. It is one of those questions that never will be settled until it is settled in accordance with the common welfare of the people of the two great countries concerned. Its defeat now simply means delay. Reciprocity or free trade between the two English speaking countries, having common interests, sympathies and purposes is the only logical result of an economic law which is unerring. Moreover, there are no political conditions which can long hinder it. The stars in their courses fight for it, and if not today, sometime in the future it will be an established fact. In connection with the campaign which has been carried on for it, whether it triumphs or not, President Taft by his insistence in pushing its passage through congress has given a signal demonstration of great constructive statesmanship and history will record its appreciation of his efforts for the prosperity and progress of the Greater America which extends from the Rio Grande to the snows of the arctic circle.

NORFOLK SHOULD GET CHUMMY. A suggestion was made at the Ad club meeting the other night which appeals to The News as timely. It was the suggestion that Norfolk ought to pay more attention to those industries that are already established here—ought to go out of its way to make new enterprises, recently started, feel that they are appreciated.

It would be a paying investment for Norfolk business men to get more chummy with their new neighbors. A little social visit now and then at the business office of a new industry, with a word of cheer, would help a whole lot in making newcomers feel that this was a good place to have located.

And it would be eminently worth while for the whole city to adopt the slogan of patronizing home industries wherever possible. Let's get it in the air that everybody in Norfolk buys Norfolk products, whenever they're to be had. Encourage the merchant to patronize Norfolk manufacturing and wholesale enterprises. It's the spirit of co-operation and loyalty to home industries, that builds up cities. We want new industries, but let's not forget the industries we already have. Let's drop in on 'em now and then and make 'em glad they came to Norfolk.

BURYING THE HAMMER. The town of Enid, Okla., recently secured widespread publicity for a clever symbolical performance of "burying the hammer." A mammoth hammer was put into the ground, as a symbol of the spirit of dissension and criticism that had interfered with the progress of the town.

This little performance has a suggestion worthy of attention right in our own community. The faculty of criticism is too easy. It is one much affected by men of mediocre character. A man lacking the slightest constructive ability often makes very just criticisms. It takes a Shakespeare to write a great play, but a cub reporter might go to see the thing and find some real flaws that the greatest of dramatists failed to discover.

Usually this spirit of criticism is a mere dead weight on the community. It disheartens those who have the power of leadership, and it fails to substitute anything better for the faults complained of. If some local enterprise is proposed that is in the main good, but has a few flaws, some men can see only the faults, and utterly overlook the benefits of the thing as a whole.

If we want our town to advance, let us criticize plans for public betterment only when some definite amendment can be made by such criticism.

CHARLESTON'S BIG STORM. Few persons have any conception of such a terrifying experience as has befallen Charleston, S. C.

The dreaded tropical hurricanes of the West Indies do not produce their worst effects on our coast. But they frequently give us a parting kick that is vicious in the extreme.

Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, a West Indian observer, says regarding the storms he has seen in his locality: "Had the cannon of a hundred contending armies been discharged, or the fulmination of the most terrific thunder claps rattled through the air, the sounds could not have been distinguished through the horrible howling and yelling of the wind, which appalled the heart and bewildered the mind."

The dwellings and public buildings must have been subjected to a strain even greater than that of the historic Mobile storm of 1906. In that calamity the average power of the wind was but about fifty miles per hour, while at Charleston the wind at times recorded ninety-four miles.

The fact that islands and the lower fringe of the city were inundated for eighteen hours by the tide is a warning against building too near the shore. Sand bars and keys along the Gulf and South Atlantic coast leave a record legible to scientists, showing the reach of the historic storms of past centuries. Many a village has grown up on sands that are simply a weather record, sure soon or late to feel again the grim grip of the tawny tigers of the tropics.

These storms illustrate the terrific power of the West Indian winds to lift even a small body of water. At the Mobile hurricane, it is recalled that the wind drove the water of the harbor half a mile up into the town, causing a large part of the \$5,000,000 loss through undermining houses.

After any public calamity, the public naturally inquires what lessons can be learned, and how the tragedy can be averted another time. But the illogical grip of these hurricanes is too deeply to be wholly guarded against. The blast passes over structures that are relatively flimsy, and crushes others of the most substantial construction. Fortunately such a disaster is rare enough so that no generation sees it twice in one place. But when the blow falls, the hand of public charity should spring forth to those in need with glad alacrity.

DESTROYING AD SIGNS. The Automobile Club of America designated September 1 as a day for destroying signs on highway land in the state of New York, under a new law in that state making such defacing signs illegal. Many of these nuisances were made more serviceable by being reduced to the kindling wood stage. Citizens of many other states will wish that they had equal privilege under their laws to engage in a similar hunt.

Many business people fail to realize, that when a man goes out into country haunts and woodland scenes, he is not looking to find the best variety of tooth powder, nor is his wife searching for most stylish corsets. They left town to get rid of all that commercial side of life. Their feelings on meeting this vociferous advertising are much as if you escaped from your office to avoid a pertinacious book agent, and on reaching home you discovered him "laying for" you in your easy chair.

Rev. S. G. Wood of Blandford, Mass., acquired a nation-wide reputation by a campaign against the nuisance of advertising on public highways. Armed with an axe and protected by state law, he tore down such signs for miles around his parish. The advertisers then erected their signs on private land, but Mr. Wood persuaded the owners to withdraw permission. Then the advertisers put their signs high up in the tree tops. Mr. Wood sent his athletic son up in the trees after them, and at last account was ahead of the game.

It will probably not be long before all of the states outlaw advertising on the public highways, after the manner of the new law in New York. The control of signs on private land is a more serious problem. Some courts have pronounced such signs a public nuisance, but many people sensitive to invasion of personal rights say this is equivalent to dictating the manner in which a man shall cut his hair.

The English house of commons has, however, passed a general law against defacement of scenery.

CO-OPERATION BY FARMERS. A comprehensive plan for getting rid of that much berated creature, the "middleman," has been announced by the promoters of a movement embracing 62,000 farmers in Pennsylvania and New York. They supply the New York produce market. Plans for a central receiving station and cold storage, etc., are carefully outlined. A convention just held at Newburgh, N. Y., considered throwing out the mid-

dleman from the dairy trade, the producers to sell directly through co-operative associations.

It is more than strange that the American farmer has been so slow to adopt co-operative methods. A recent magazine article tells how the Eastern Counties association of England sells for fifty-five pounds seed mixtures that the farmers had to pay seventy pounds for outside. A farmer walked into the office of the Hereford society one day. He was afraid that they had made a mistake in their remittance to him for pears. They had given him twenty-eight shillings per 100 weight, where previously he had sold them for three shillings.

In the Teme valley in England, co-operative associations took up the matter of transportation, and got motor wagons started that hauled freight for three shillings a ton that previously had cost the farmers five shillings.

France is a great country for co-operative work among farmers. There are 30,000 members of these societies in the province of Brittany alone. They buy fertilizers, tools and seed at low rates, sell all products, secure low rates for insurance, get more favorable freight rates, etc.

The Anglo-Saxon temperament has a certain independence that does not take kindly to co-operation, particularly among a class of people having tendencies of isolation like farmers.

Our English cousins have similar tendencies, although co-operative movements have made far greater advance there than here. But English experts feel that British agriculture is falling behind the continent, because the farmers don't co-operate any better.

The consumer of course looks askance at any movement to enable the producer to get higher prices. He need never fear. No co-operative farm association can ever get any hold in competition with the independent producer until it beats out the independent producer on prices and quality.

STOCK WATERING. Ordinarily you are charged with being a populist, whisks and all, if you say much against corporations. Yet here comes so impressive and dignified an authority as Judge E. H. Farrar, president of the American Bar association, who has just told that organization that "the great national disgrace is the issuance of fictitious or watered stock."

The case is told of one public service corporation doing business not far from New York which had at one time \$32,000,000 in stocks and bonds, yet whose plant would not inventory over \$2,000,000. There are plenty of other similar cases.

There are two excuses for this practice. One is that no one is deceived, so long as the real value of a corporation's assets are known through quotation on some stock market. This is equivalent to saying that a lie is not a lie provided everyone knows about it. Another excuse is that a company starting business in a growing field has a right to assume that the growth of the community and improvement of the plant will eventually bring the value of the watered stock up to par.

In so far as a corporation makes betterments on its plant, it is legitimate to add new stock to represent such expenditures. But it is hardly fair to make the people pay interest on what comes as a free gift.

Our big corporations will never command full confidence until they are conducted on the same basis of rigid truth telling as our banks. When a corporation issues capital stock and bonds with a par value of \$1,000,000, on property representing only \$500,000 value, the books of that corporation have got to be doctored to correspond. Either \$500,000 has got to be credited as "good will," or a false estimate of plant valuation must be placed there. Commonly the figures are made to tell a square lie.

If our corporations would issue bonds and stock only against actual property, public confidence would be attracted. The old practice always means high charges. Widows and orphans buy the stock at the inflated valuation, and a back fire of general stock ownership opposes any movement to base rates on the actual value of the plant.

AROUND TOWN.

Last Monday there wasn't any "Around Town" column and two anxious readers inquire to know why. The real truth is that the "Around Department" felt groggy all day last Saturday till it came time to play golf, so Monday's paper had to go to press with nothing in it worth reading. And, while we don't like to cause 200,000 people in the entire half of two eger states to worry, we must admit that's apt to happen again. Maybe it'll happen tomorrow. At this minute, we don't know any more about it than you do. (P. S.—Our contract calls for so many pearls of wisdom per week, so we don't get doctored, even if we do slip a cog now and then.)

That story from California about the 298-pound fish caught on a line, almost comes up to some of the yarns told around this town by Rainbolt and Irvin and Melcher and Hall. By rights, people who tell that kind of fish stories ought to be fined. They've made us discontented with the world—we want to go fishing and can't.

We wish they'd deport all the hay fever victims, because they're a menace to the community. Right here in

the corn belt, where the whole region's prosperity depends upon a good corn crop, every blasted hay fever victim is out leaping for a frost, day in and day out. A frost would ruin the country, but you can't find a blooming hay fever victim that doesn't, openly or secretly, hope it'll frost tonight. And if frost does come, you corn raisers'll know whom to blame.

We don't own a chicken dog and we're glad of it. The usual experience of a man who owns a good chicken dog is that, after he's fed the animal twelve months for the sake of getting two or three days of shooting, some other fellow comes along on the opening day of the season and insists on borrowing the brute, ruining him for all time to come. If we owned a chicken dog we wouldn't loan him. But, by the way, you don't happen to know where we can borrow a good Irish setter or pointer for a day or two?

Did you ever see anything so tricky as August weather? Just as soon as we'd announced that long ones were comfortable, the mercury began to sizzle. And Thursday was one of the hottest days of the summer, '96. Now that's a tight place to put a man in.

One of the surest signs that a man's getting thin, comes when the feminine gallery at a golf match suddenly vanishes, fearing the player's belt can't be drawn tight enough to be sure of holding 'em up.

Now who's going to put up a cup for the first par score? And what is par in this town, anyhow?

We did have some notion of pulling down that Braden cup, ourselves, but now we'll just let it go as it is.

But if D. Mathewson will put up a cup for the first man who breaks the present ground record, to be held until somebody else sets a new mark, etc., we'll promise to go out and play that course in '20. We dreamed about it last night. Here's the score: U.S. 3 4 3 4 3 4 5 4 4—30. Boney 4 4 4 5 3 5 6 4—41.

Now that's what we call playing the game.

We see by the paper that a boy is going to walk from Kansas to Hastings, 200 miles, to go to school. He takes only a can of sardines, and is doing the stunt for the notoriety he'll get. We claim that a boy who will do that, can't be helped by going to school at Hastings. There's a school at Beatrice that might benefit him.

We don't know who she is, but by way of complimenting her, we want to depose and say that the girl who wears a trouser skirt on Norfolk avenue, is a creature of some courage, to say the least.

The next time somebody tells us that playing golf on a September day, without any shirt on, will result in blistering shoulders and neck, we're going to take the tip. Cold cream can't make you forget it, take it from us.

Now in regard to wedding presents, how would a dozen golf balls look in their new home? We've got to be deciding.

Better be there before the first bell rings, old kid, and get your choice of seats. It's the early bird that roosts on the ones at the back of the room, farthest from the teacher's desk.

"It's a queer thing," a Norfolk dentist said, "that with nothing to do all summer, the school children never think of having their teeth looked after; but the minute school begins, every last one of them makes a rush simultaneously to the dentist's office."

When a child starts to school at the age of 5, it's a safe bet there are more at home.

We don't blame the school teacher for wanting a three months' vacation each year. If we had the job, we'd want the annual vacation to last twelve months.

In a little town, Labor day is the day when the capitalist who runs the bank, takes a holiday.

We have half a notion to start a bank, ourself, just for the sake of the holidays they get.

Still, they do say that the day following a holiday the bankers have to work just twice as hard as on ordinary occasions.

That's an incriminating confession, though, because it shows that on an ordinary day they only work half as hard as they might.

Speaking of banks, they say there won't be any "big limit" dealt at Gregory or Dallas during the coming Regorud rush. We regret it, because we had planned on going up there and cleaning a few professionals, just by way of diversion.

We're betting Hack'll be thrown, by Gotch.

ED HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

When a man falls in a big town, and moves to a little one, it is hard work for him to keep from slapping the people he comes in contact with; he has so much contempt for them.

When we consider the great amount of reform accomplished by the insurgents, it is rather astonishing that taxes increase so steadily.

Most people put in a lifetime planning for some great pleasure, and die before they get around to it.

Next to a husband who tells her everything, a wife likes a house with lots of closets.



THE NEST OF THE STORK.

Text: "Children are an heritage of the Lord."—Ps. cxviii, 3.

A flock of sheep without lambs in it would soon die out. If one had a hundred sheep and lost first one and then another and another and another how soon the whole flock would be gone! It's the divine plan to keep the present world peopled and fill the place of the millions who have gone to the real world beyond. A childless world would be not only a dreary world, but a dying one. The healthy man and woman are under the divine command to increase and multiply. "He who hath children hath given hostages to fortune," says the classic writer, which is another way of saying children make better citizens of men and women. Poor indeed is that family that is childless. They may have a beautiful home, with lawn and drives and fountains without; music, books, paintings and grandeur within. The voices of men and women guests in laughter and song may ring through the halls, but it's sounding brass and tinkling cymbal where the prattle of children is not heard.

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle.

Only when the child arrives does the family really begin. What do we mean by father, mother, home? Who but a child can use these three hallowed names? One day after weeks of mystery a dark cloud hovers over the dwelling. Its shadows are heavy with anxiety, but out from that cloud of nativity comes a shining messenger of God, descended from the bosom of the Almighty, to incarnate an immortal soul. Two little feet start on an eternal journey. A Columbus, to discover a continent? A Shakespeare, to write ever living lines? A Washington, father of a country? A Lincoln, savior of a race? Who knows that the humble rickety cradle or manger bed may hold—Moses or a Christ? While you are rocking that baby you may be rocking the destiny of nations or the glories of heaven. The child is the seed which with proper soil and care may yield a wondrous harvest. The child nesting on a mother's breast is God's answer to her prayer for heaven. The boy walking by his father's side is God's guidebook for that man's life. These are the greatest days of your life, my fond hearted young parents. Though your names should ring through many nations and yet neglect these little ones your years would be a row of zeros. Let others boast of their world's goods, you are rich beyond human computation. God hath given you keys to your paradise.

Your Kindergarten.

I say your kindergarten, not the baby's, for while you are teaching the baby you are going to school to it. It educates you. You go to school every day—a school of sacrifice, a school of self denial, a school of patience, in which you grow wiser every day. Life is more of a mystery, a more stupendous thing, since you first heard its cry. That child is your anchor, little mother. You won't swing far from your moorings. You are living in the present, yet you sail off ever so far through the years in the bark of that cradle. And you, Mr. Man, have given a bond for a more responsible life. Employers say that you are a staidier workman than the fellow without a baby. Bank officials say you've started a savings account—the first in your life probably. The steward of the club says he never sees you any more. You stay home of nights. Christmas takes on new meaning now. You smile piously at the lecturer who disapproves telling children of Santa Claus. Actually you renew your youth watching that boy getting outside a piece of bread and butter and sugar. You smack your lips hungrily. The heroic is developing in you too. What would you not do for that little curly head? Storm and darkness, heat and cold, are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. What stream will you not swim, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure, for your child? What are weary limbs, aching head and anxious soul to you if its interests are advanced? We've heard about the man behind the gun. What about the babe behind the man?

The Empty Crib.

"How about that empty crib of ours, preacher? The little one who'll never again toddle our floor, never hear sound of school bell, never bear our name? The white crib was emptied to fill a white casket. How do you account for that?" Well, don't you think the crocus, the tulip, the hyacinth, the lilac, of the spring had a mission as well as the perennial rose? A treasure was loaned to you. A tiny migratory bird perched on your ship's rail, chirped its greeting, then flew off toward the sunny island for which your prow is set. Ever hear of a shepherd gathering up a lamb in his arms to draw the mother sheep toward home? Since Little Bobbie or Nellie died haven't you thought more of the other land? "Where your treasure is there your heart will be also." More than once I've known of a big, strong man being led heavenward because a dead baby's fingers were still twined through his heart strings. Gather up "the little tin soldiers all covered with dust," take down the little baby dresses hanging in the wardrobe, give them and let them bless some orphan children. Your real treasure is in heaven.

What used to be called—sometimes derisively—"bargain hunting" has evolved into the practise of intelligent buying. The advertisements make it possible.